

ULTIMATE

XEN<sup>®</sup>

ISSUE

38

BLOCKBUSTER: PART 4



DIRECT EDITION



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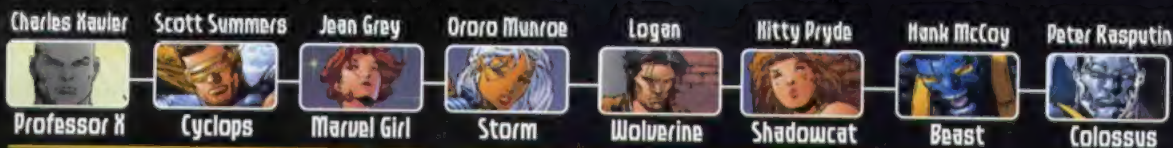
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# BLOCKBUSTER PART FIVE

Professor Charles Xavier brought them together to bridge the gap between humanity and those born with strange and amazing powers: Cyclops, Marvel Girl, Storm, Iceman, Shadowcat, Beast, Colossus and Wolverine. They are the X-Men, soldiers for Xavier's war to bring peace between man and mutant!

Years ago, a covert military group called Weapon X discovered a mutant blessed with claws and a healing factor. They wiped his memory, coated his skeleton in the unbreakable metal adamantium and turned him into a weapon. This weapon, once known only as Logan, was given a new name... Wolverine.

## PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

Things are bad for Wolverine. A covert military group, whose motives are mysterious, has been hunting him for days. It started when he was shot up at a diner. He barely escaped with his life. He retreated to Peter Parker's, A.K.A. Spider-Man's, house in Queens to heal. His healing was cut short when the group arrived in Queens. Wolverine and Spider-Man barely escaped and went to Manhattan.

The group even found them there, and kept the assault up pushing them into Hell's Kitchen. There they encountered Hell's Kitchen's protector, Daredevil. Daredevil helped Spider-Man and Wolverine, but not without further damage to Wolverine.

Wolverine faced the leader of the group on a rooftop, but was given no answers as to her motives. The confrontation was cut short when she was rescued by her group in helicopters. Before flying off, they took the opportunity to shoot Wolverine even more. Exhausted from the severe beating he had received over the last few days, Wolverine fell unconscious. The last thing he saw before he went unconscious was the X-Men, coming to his rescue.



Stan Lee presents:

# ULTIMATE X-MEN

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SCANNED BY TOKER THE KID



NYAARRRGGGHHHH







GYAARRGH!!

NULIGGHH  
NUGGHH!

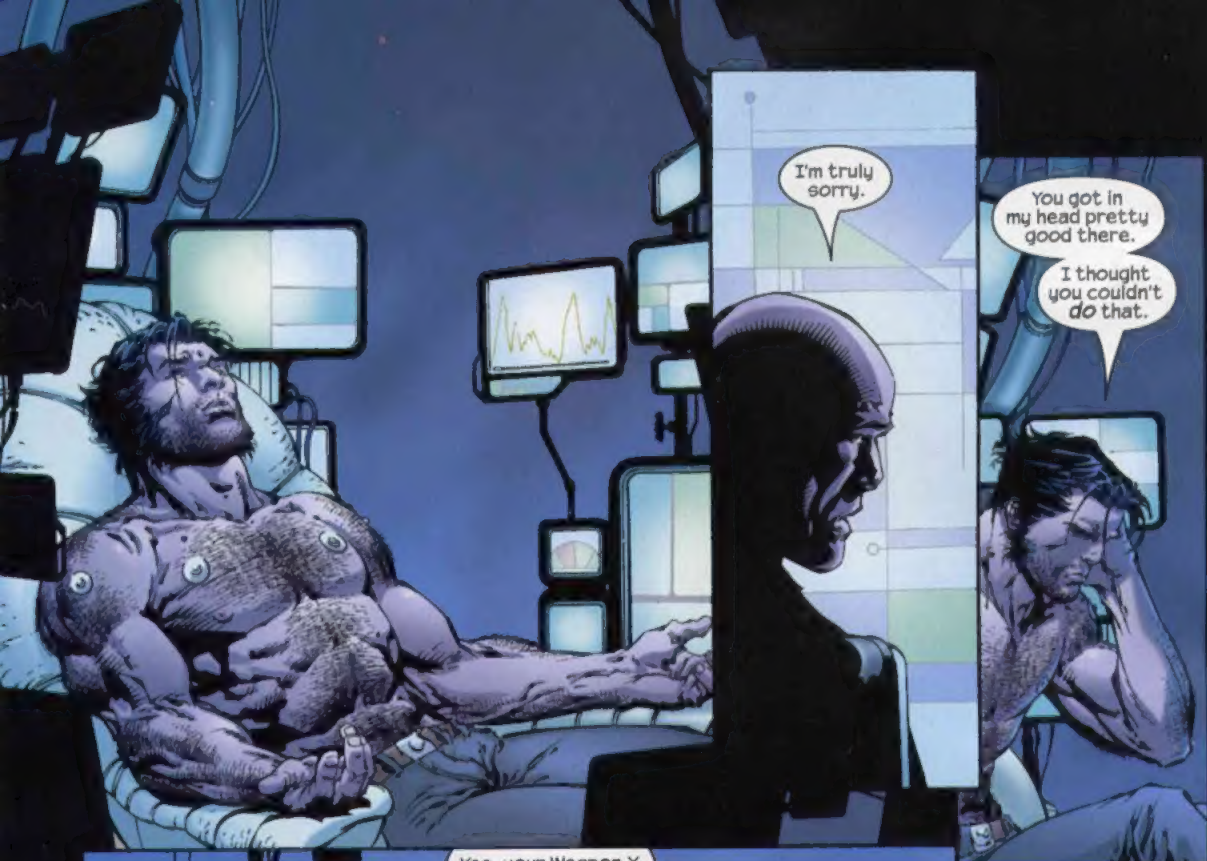


AAARRGH!

Nugh...

I'm  
so sorry,  
Logan.





I'm truly sorry.

You got in my head pretty good there.

I thought you couldn't do that.



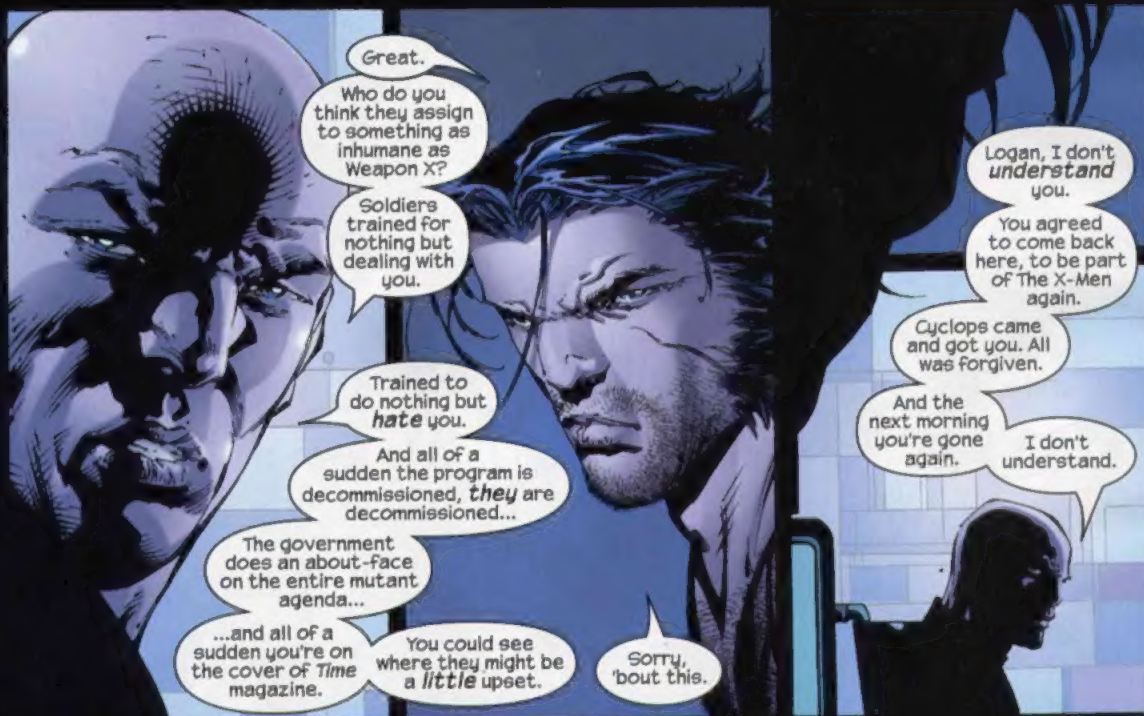
Yes, your Weapon X training and the government mind-wipe.

Well, I've been sitting here with you for over twelve hours now.

And I have quite a headache.

But we have what we need.

It would seem that your mystery antagonists are, in fact, decommissioned Weapon X soldiers.



Great.

Who do you think they assign to something as inhumane as Weapon X?

Soldiers trained for nothing but dealing with you.

Trained to do nothing but *hate* you.

And all of a sudden the program is decommissioned, *they* are decommissioned...

The government does an about-face on the entire mutant agenda...

...and all of a sudden you're on the cover of *Time* magazine.

You could see where they might be a *little* upset.

Sorry, 'bout this.

Logan, I don't *understand* you.

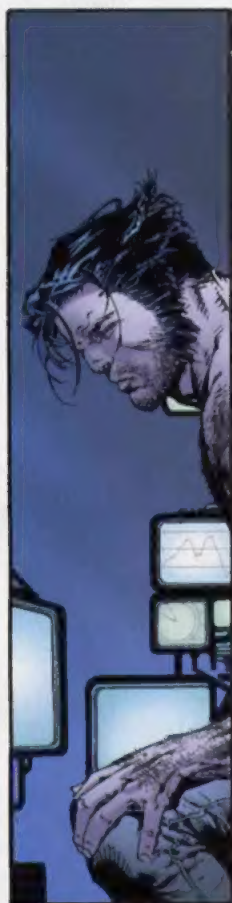
You agreed to come back here, to be part of The X-Men again.

Cyclops came and got you. All was forgiven.

And the next morning you're gone again.

I don't understand.

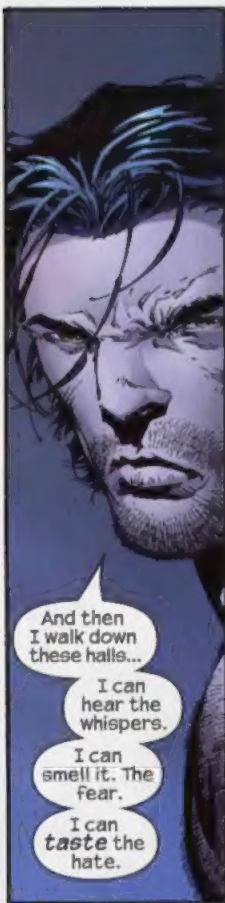




Listen.  
You all ask me  
back here.

You *say*  
you forgive me  
for my sins.

You *say*  
all the right  
things.



And then  
I walk down  
these halls...

I can  
hear the  
whispers.

I can  
smell it. The  
fear.

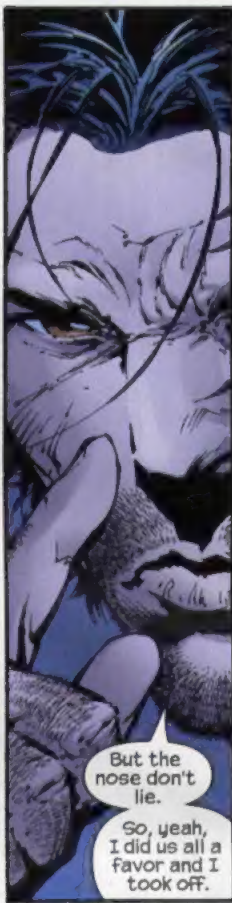
I can  
*taste* the  
hate.



Words are  
one thing,  
Chucky, but I  
can smell it  
on y'all.

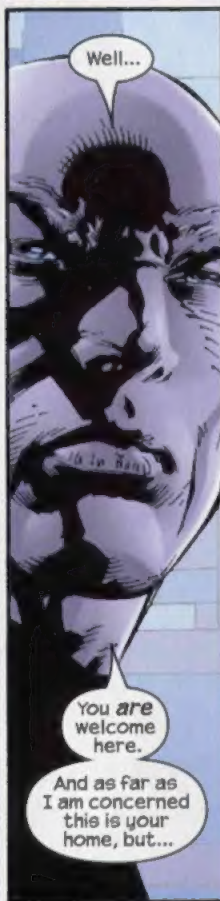
I know  
exactly what  
you all *really*  
think of me.

And, truth  
told, I don't  
disagree.



But the  
nose don't  
lie.

So, yeah,  
I did us all a  
favor and I  
took off.



Well...

You *are*  
welcome  
here.

And as far as  
I am concerned  
this is your  
home, but...



You're going to have  
to *earn* their trust  
and respect.

They're just  
children.

We forget  
that with all the  
drama around here,  
but for the most  
part, they're still  
children.

You and  
I are not.



They are children and  
so far the world has  
shown them nothing  
but the back of its  
hand.

The worst of  
humanity's ill will  
and prejudice.

They need  
*reasons* to  
trust you.

Until you *give*  
them that you  
*are* exactly what  
they, and you,  
*think* you are.

Give them  
something.

Something  
more than  
running away  
from them.



And, this,  
we can talk  
about another  
day.

Right now, I'm  
going to make  
a call on your  
behalf.

Why don't you  
get something  
to eat.





My  
answer  
is no.

If you can't  
control Logan,  
we will do it  
for you.

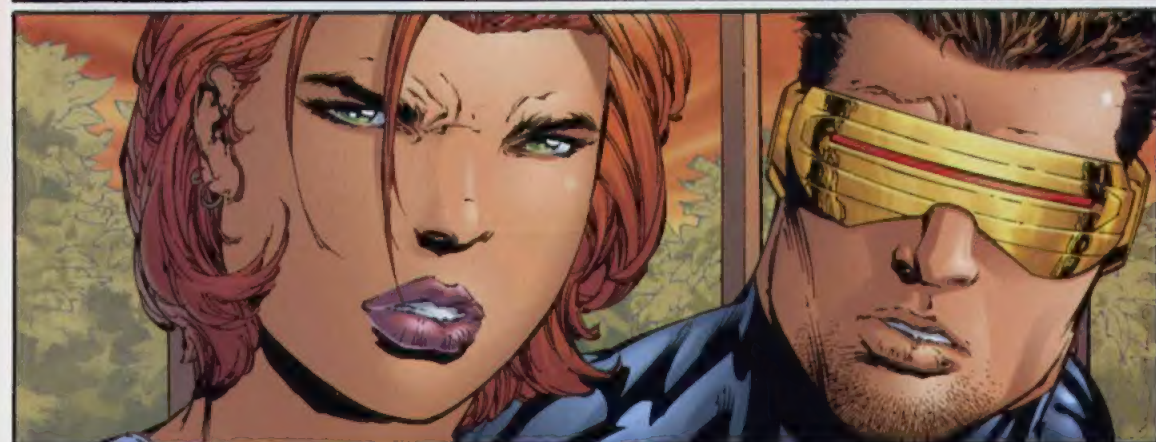


We will  
keep you  
updated.

Fury  
out.



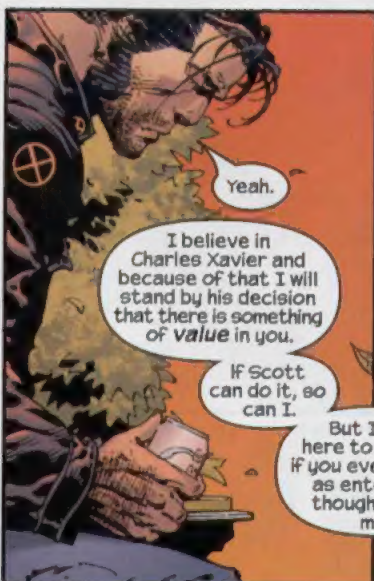




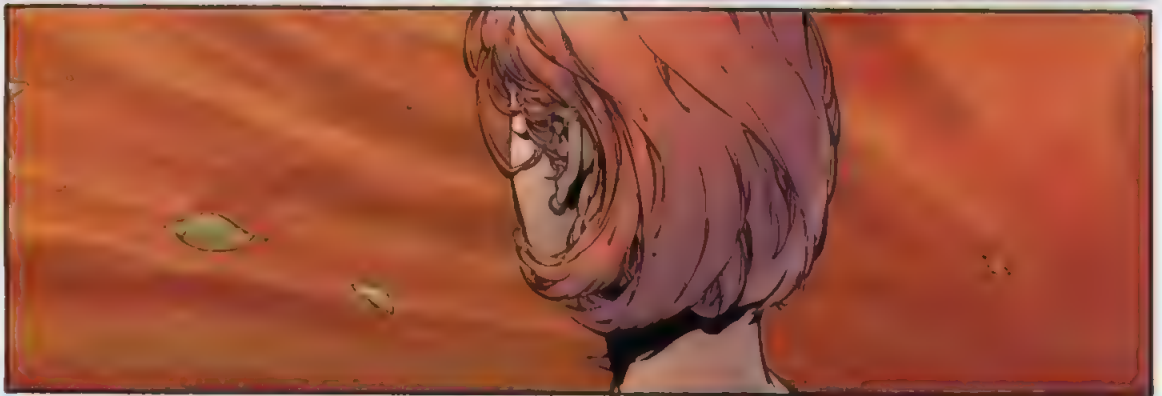
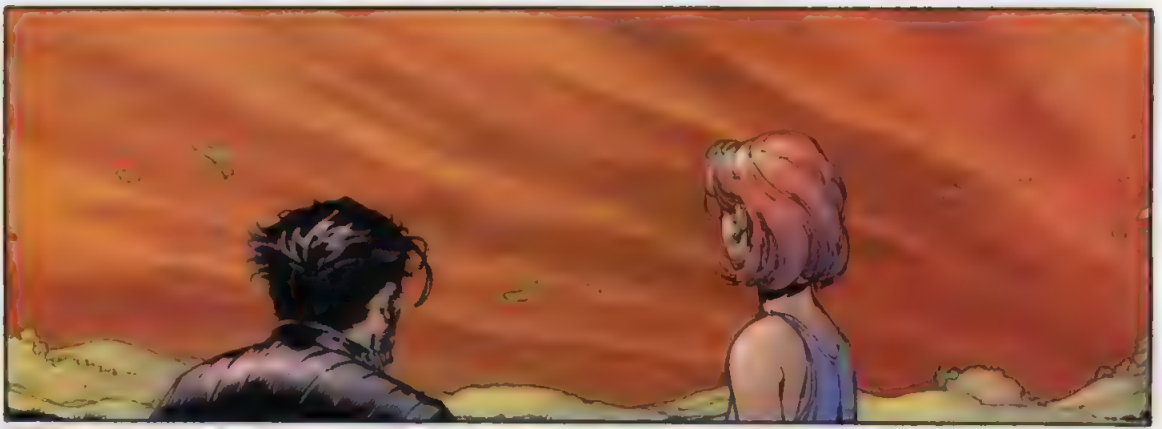




















Don't fly any closer. Over.

We need positive ID. You said, "Get positive ID." Over.

I have a series of Logan's bio-scan readings but I don't have a concrete--

Don't fly any closer. Over.

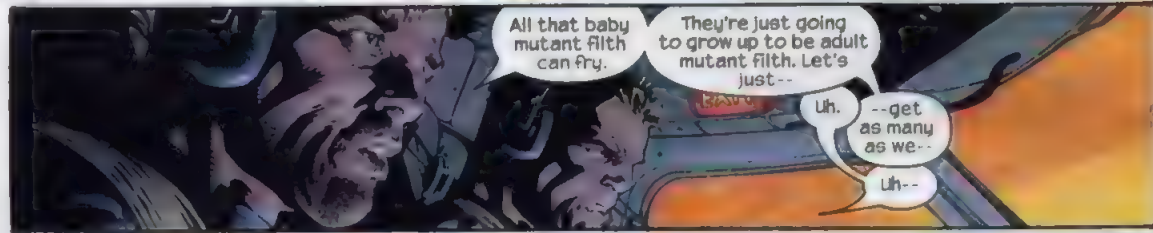


Listen to me. Two of the most powerful telepaths on the planet are in that mutant school. Any closer and--

Tara, I have three CC-9 missiles on board. I can launch from here.

We had this discussion--

Let's just vaporize that roach motel.



All that baby mutant filth can fry.

They're just going to grow up to be adult mutant filth. Let's just--

Uh. --get as many as we--

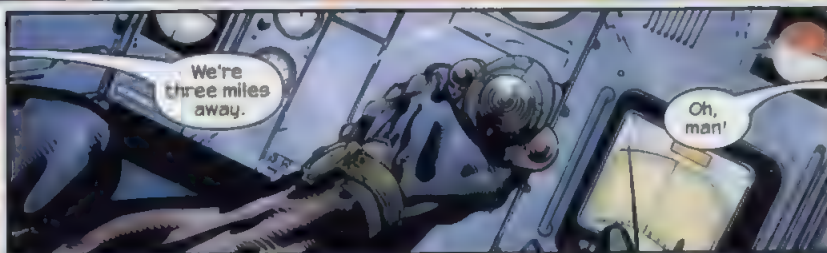
Uh--



"Uh," what? Over.

There's something coming at us and it isn't--

Retreat!! You hear me? Retreat. Turn around. Over.



We're three miles away.

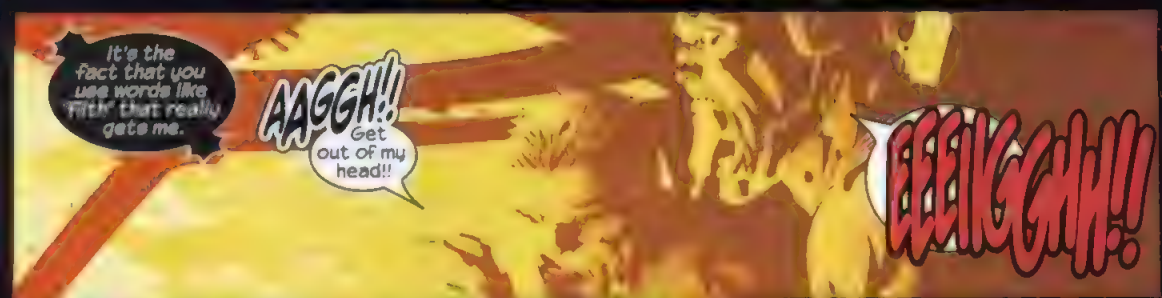
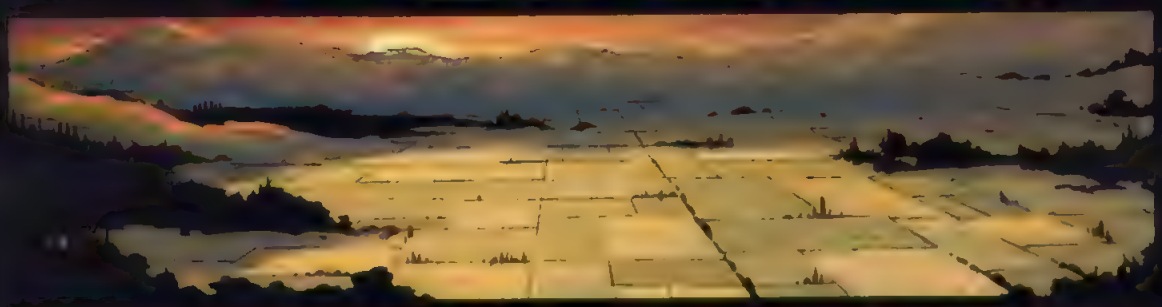
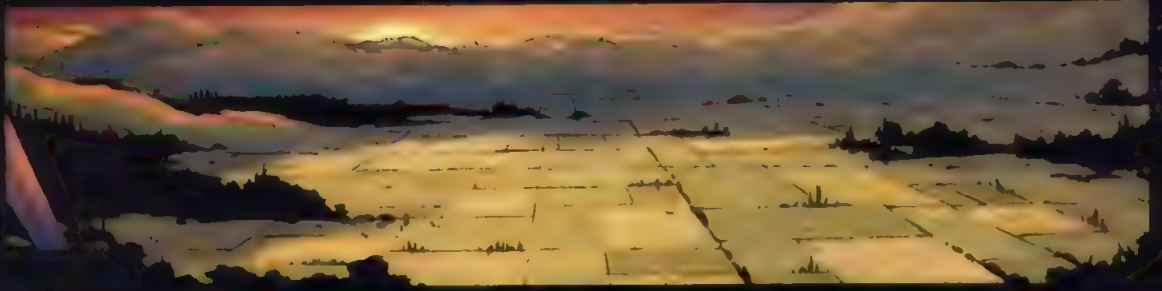
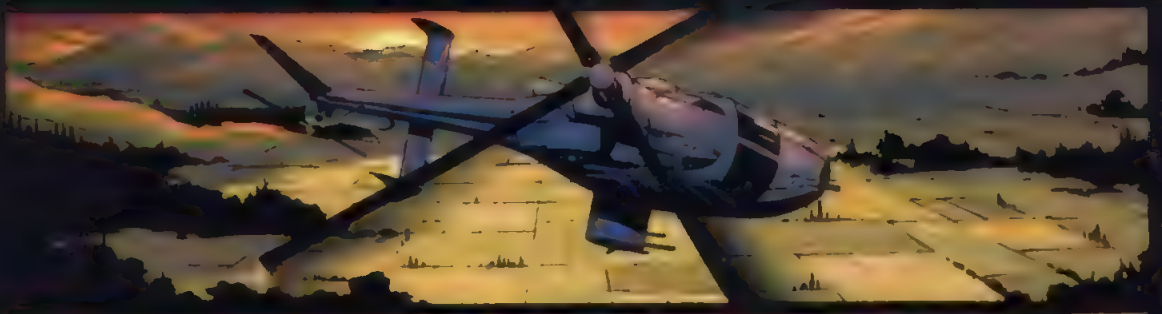
Oh, man!



It's coming right at us!

Turn around! Turn--



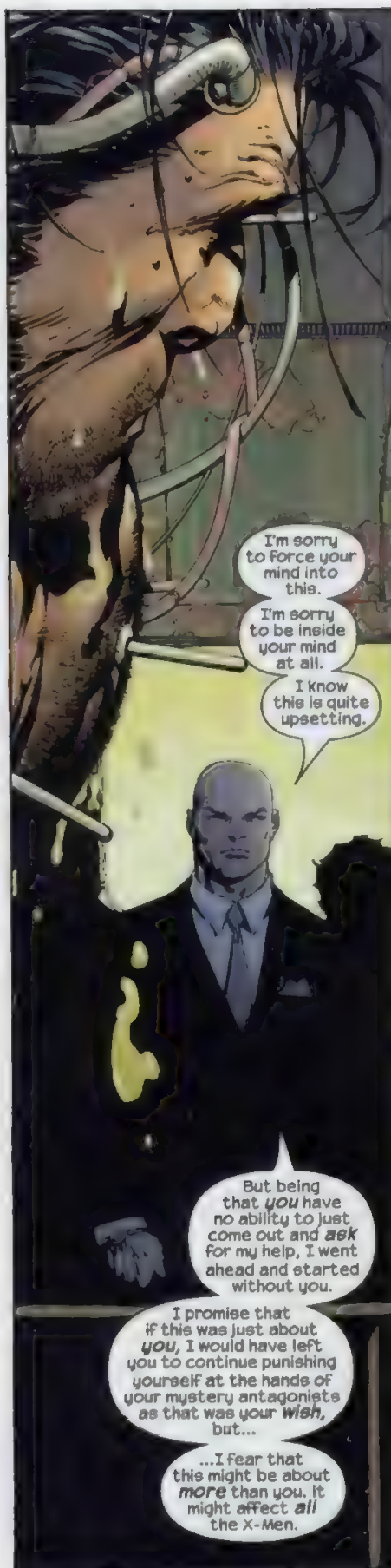






⊗To be continued...





Xavier,  
We're  
not--?

No.  
No, this isn't  
Weapon X.

This is  
your *memory*  
of it.

This would be the  
exact moment you  
found out that you  
had been the unwilling  
victim of the heinous  
experiment that gave  
you your unbreakable  
skeleton and your  
claws.

I'm sorry  
to force your  
mind into  
this.

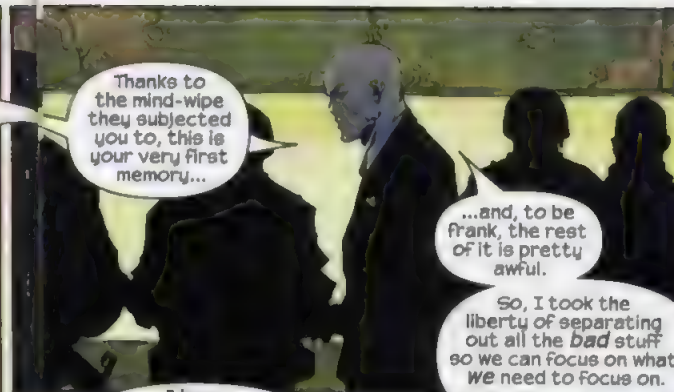
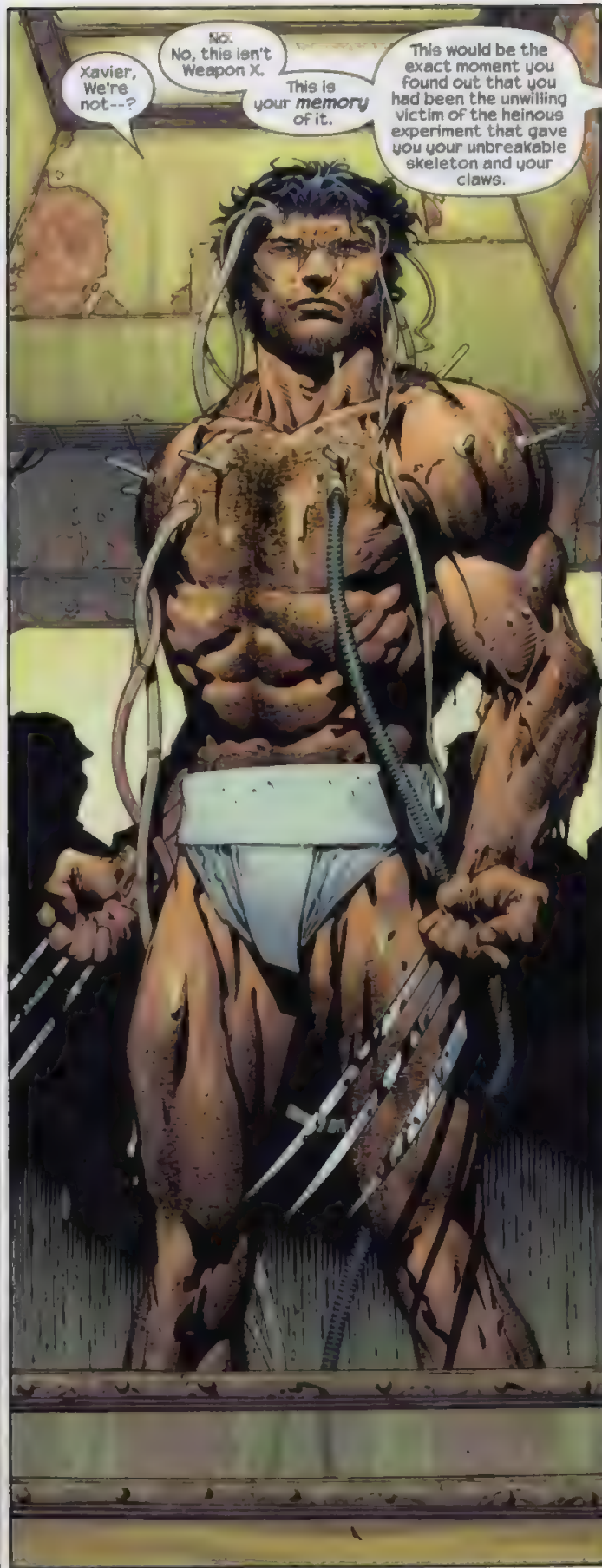
I'm sorry  
to be inside  
your mind  
at all.

I know  
this is quite  
upsetting.

But being  
that *you* have  
no ability to just  
come out and *ask*  
for my help, I went  
ahead and started  
without you.

I promise that  
if this was just about  
*you*, I would have left  
you to continue punishing  
yourself at the hands of  
your mystery antagonists  
as that was your *wish*,  
but...

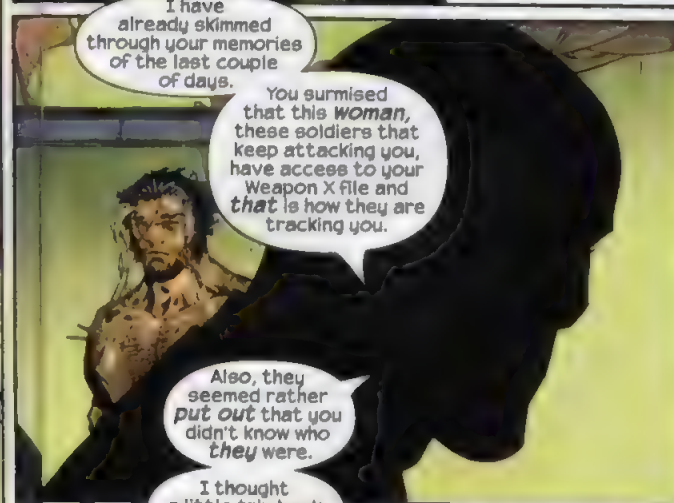
...I fear that  
this might be about  
*more* than you. It  
might affect *all*  
the X-Men.



Thanks to  
the mind-wipe  
they subjected  
you to, this is  
your very first  
memory...

...and, to be  
frank, the rest  
of it is pretty  
awful.

So, I took the  
liberty of separating  
out all the *bad* stuff  
so we can focus on what  
we need to focus on.



I have  
already skimmed  
through your memories  
of the last couple  
of days.

You surmised  
that this *woman*,  
these soldiers that  
keep attacking you,  
have access to your  
Weapon X file and  
*that* is how they are  
tracking you.

Also, they  
seemed rather  
*put out* that you  
didn't know who  
*they* were.

I thought  
a little trip back  
to Weapon X might  
reveal something.



So,  
here we  
are.

Other than  
me, do you see  
anyone else in  
the room you  
recognize?



Yes, there's  
John Wraith, the  
man who ran the  
project.



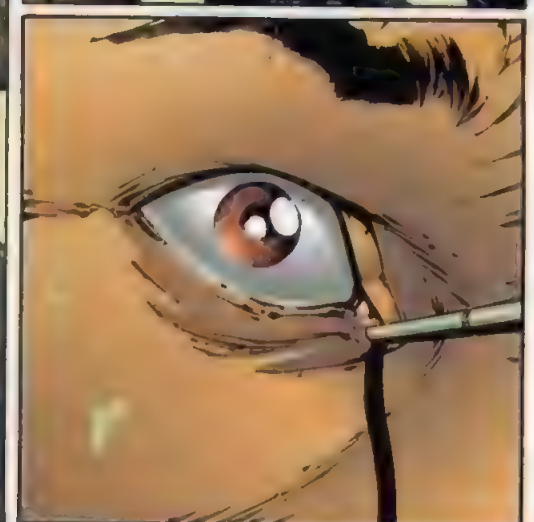
He will go down in  
history as the warden  
of the first mutant  
concentration  
camp.

And for *that*  
I hope he rots in  
a hell more horrible  
than I have the  
imagination to  
conjure.

Yes, we naturally  
focus all our attention  
on him...

But there are  
all these *other*  
people in the  
room.

Who *else*  
do you see?







**BAM**



Or this one!!!



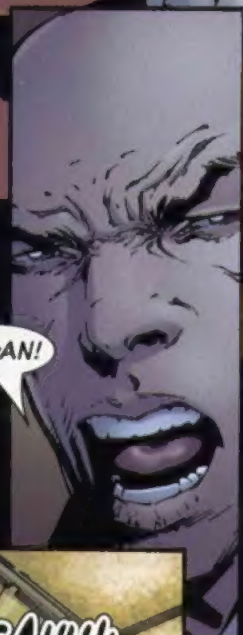
Or this one!!!



Logan?



LOGAN!



**ARRGGH!!**



**GAHH!!**



Or this one!!!

**BAM**



**BAM**

**BAM**





If what you are saying is true, Charles, we'll take care of it.

General Fury, what makes you think I might be lying?

Not what I meant. What I meant was we will take care of it.

I just don't understand how this could have hap--

Well, I'm going to have to pull the "national security" card on you.

But... Weapon X was the baddest of the bad and they were living and breathing the orders of John Wraith.

He was a hell of a leader and he had damn loyal soldiers.

We decommissioned them and sent **most** of them out to pasture-- out in the cold... but not until a complete psych evaluation was done.

They must have **really** been giving us a song and dance if they slipped through the cracks like this.

(Guess we should have kept better tabs on them, but...)

I would like to take care of this situation **immediately**.

Of course.

I can't have them attacking the school.

Of course.

So we'll take care of this ourselves. My X-Men will--

No.

My X-Men--

Are a peace-keeping task force, not military police. I'm going to have to ask you to sit this one out.

General, um, I don't appreciate the psychic shields you've placed around--

Well, I don't appreciate the fact that you found them.

You don't have to try to climb a fence to know someone put one up.

And if a frog had wings...

Xavier, this is a military problem and I am going to have to ask you to stand down so the army can investigate its own--

This is a mutant **hate crime** and I am insisting that you consider the bigger picture.

I am the bigger picture.

It's a special circumstance as it--

The **problem** is, Charles, we are not sure how dire the situation is on **our** end.

This might be an isolated problem or it could be a widespread military conspiracy against mutants.

Also, we're not exactly sure just what kind of **hardware** they have commandeered from us.

A lot of the items you've described to me are not in circulation or approved for combat yet.

Well, I can't guarantee--

Charles.

I can't guarantee that Logan will--







